

JAMIE'S ON THE STORMY SEA.

As sung by John Hassett.

E'er the twilight bat was flitting,
In the sunset, at her knitting
Sang a lonely maiden, sitting
Underneath her threshold tree;
And e'er daylight died before us,
And the vesper star shone o'er us,
Fitfull rose her tender chorus:
Jamie's on the stormy sea.

Warmly shone the sunset glowing,
Sweetly breathed the young flowers blowing,
Earth, with beauty overflowing,
Seemed the Home of love to be,
As those angel's tones, ascending
With the song and season blending,
Ever had the same low ending:
Jamie's on the stormy sea.

Blow ye west winds blandly hoever
O'er the bark that bears my lover,
Gently blow and bear him over
To his own dear home and me;
For, when night winds bent the willow,
Sleep forsakes my lonely pillow,
Thinking of the foaming billow:
Jamie's on the stormy sea.

How could I but list, but linger
To the song, and hear the singer
Sweetly wooing heaven to bring her
Jamie from the stormy sea?
And while yet her lips did name me,
Forth I sprang, my heart o'ercame me:
Grieve no more, sweet, I am Jamie,
Home returned to love and thee.

CONSTANCY.

How dear the dream,
In darkest hours of ill,
Should all be changed,
To find thee constant still.

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